

The Evening World.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 42.....NO. 14,919.

THE STRIKE IN PATERSON.

The appeal of the striking dyers' helpers of Paterson, published in yesterday's Evening World, is a significant and in many respects a pathetic production. Its authors are evidently foreigners unfamiliar alike with our language, our laws and institutions, but we cannot blame them for that. This country welcomes all strangers, and it does not take them long to become good citizens in the full meaning of the word. They want to improve their condition, and we cannot blame them, but, on the contrary, must approve them for that.

They are perfectly right in saying that \$6.50 is not wages enough for a full week's work of a dyer's helper in his country. It is not enough for the support of any workman and his family in this land of good pay and high prices. If it is true that the tariff protected industry of silk weaving cannot pay any better wages than this then protection is a failure as far as this industry is concerned.

But the strikers are mistaken and misled and wholly wrong in declaring that the police and the authorities are enlisted on the side of capital in hostility to labor. The strikers, under very bad guidance, started to set aside the law and to defy the authorities and to close mills by violence, and they were very properly stopped by the police. Moreover, any body of men who accept the leadership of Anarchists and adopt the doctrines of Anarchy have got to understand that they thereby forfeit the sympathy and support of that public opinion to which these underpaid silk workers appeal. Under all circumstances the law must prevail and order must be preserved.

Up and Down.—This morning's news from Venezuela is that the revolutionists have inflicted a severe defeat on the Government army. It looks as if it were time for the revolutionists to take charge of the government and for the Government to revolt.

ROOSEVELT AT HIS BEST.

President Roosevelt's tribute to his associates in the government of the country in his Harvard speech yesterday was a characteristic utterance and one which will be well received everywhere. It is possible that it may strengthen him politically. Loyalty to one's friends is a trait which makes itself felt in every field of endeavor, and is nowhere more quickly and fully recognized than in the stormy arena of politics, and the Harvard speech shows, if any such evidence was needed, that Roosevelt can be depended on to stand by his friends.

And no one will object to his eulogy on the college man and his prominence in politics. The number of important positions which are creditably filled by college graduates is large and steadily increasing.

Still, let us remember that there are others—the graduates of the colleges of poverty, of work, of adversity of self-help. These colleges, unendowed and uncelebrated, turn out quite as creditable and useful a class of graduates as Harvard and the other colleges. This should never be forgotten.

But Roosevelt's speech was a good speech, even if it has a tendency to make the college graduate throw out his chest and say, "We are it."

The Canal Assured.—The agreement of the House conference to take the Panama route if they can get it, and if not the Nicaragua route, assures an isthmian canal, which is, after all, the main thing.

SUPERSTITION DIES HARD.

To read the stories told of the prophets who predicted the death of King Edward and of the King's belief in evil omens and of the popular alarm over the discovery that his coronation had been set for the anniversary of the death of George IV. one would believe that we still lived in the middle ages, and that England especially was fast bound in the chains of superstition. It must be admitted that superstition dies hard. How many of us still believe in ghosts and apparitions? How many of us are wholly free from the weird influence of the number 13? Is there not a lingering belief in the fatality of Friday? Are policy players the only ones who believe in the significance of dreams? Do we not all of us cherish the pleasing delusion that we possess the gift of prophecy to the extent of knowing beforehand of the misfortunes that are coming?

Superstition dies hard, but it is dying.

THE SMOKE MAKERS.

The Health Commissioner has very properly followed up his attack on the Manhattan Elevated road for its smoke making by serving notice on the Pennsylvania Railroad for the same offense. We do not know that the Pennsylvania's ferries and tugs are worse offenders than those of the Jersey Central, the Erie and the Lackawanna, but there are several hundreds of thousands of witnesses ready and willing to testify to the daily, persistent, continuous and undisguised defiance of the law by each and every one of these corporations. It really looks as if the coal-carrying roads from the anthracite region were improving the opportunity to give the city of New York an object lesson on the evils of strikes, and were rubbing it in hard. If they are allowed to go unnoticed and unpunished it is idle to hope that less conspicuous offenders can be suppressed.

The attempt to question the validity of the anti-smoke ordinance has failed. The enforcement of the ordinance should be continued.

THE INCANDESCENT CHAUFFEUR.

The police are hot after the chauffeurs who chauffeur their automobiles too gaily along the city streets. Every day one or more is gathered in by the vigilant bluecoats, who seem to have pedometeric eyes and to be able to tell to the fraction of a furlong whether an auto driver is exceeding the rate of speed permitted by law. The chauffeurs are judiciously lectured and fined, and then go forth to pursue their chauffeur tactics just as if there were no law or police or police court fines in their vocabulary.

It is an excellent thing, of course, to arrest chauffeurs who make the streets dangerous for pedestrians, but a calm, sensible and friendly investigation of the horseless car will disclose the fact that nine out of ten of the persons who purchase autos select them specially for their scorching capabilities. The nearer they get to a mile-a-minute the more desirable the vehicles are. No really ownership and possession of an auto is a prima facie announcement of intention to violate the law—especially if no policeman is around.

The best way to prevent this sort of scorching, therefore, would be to lock up the auto and let the chauffeur walk. If he is a red-hot Mount-Pelée-class chauffeur a sentence of three months at the throttle of an ice wagon would give him a proper cooling off.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

THE FORTUNE THAT FAILED.
When Johnny Smith escaped from college.

His head was jammed with glib-edged knowledge.
He knew how business should be done.
How politics could best be run.
He'd learned nine hundred different ways
Of getting rich in thirty days.
But now, by some unlooked-for freak,
He's yelling "Cash!" at six per week.

ALWAYS BEHIND.
"Why do they speak of 'following the races?'"
"Because no one ever got ahead of them."

ITS DIMENSIONS.
"It's a long way between the Battery and Central Park."
"Yes, and a Broadway, too."

OLD MAID'S PARADISE.
"Is there any State a sane person can prefer to New York?"
"Yes, one—the married state."

NOT A PIANIST.
"Do you play Chopin?"
"No. Only ping-pong and golf."

BORROWED JOKES.

HEART TRUE, MAYBE.
Mrs. Jones—I don't see what she wanted to marry him for; he has a cork leg, a glass eye and false teeth.
Mrs. Smith—Well, my dear, you know women always did have a hankering after remnants—Smart Set.

GOOD PING-PONGER.
"He seems to be a splendid ping-pong player."
"Fine. He excels everybody else in the game."
"He does? In what way?"
"Why, that man can actually creep under tables and other furniture in search of the elusive ping-pong ball without disturbing the 'peace' in his trousers or the serenity of his mind."
—Baltimore Morning Herald.

WAS NO JONAH.
Real Estate Man (to complaining customer)—You're a regular Jonah, any way.
Complaining Customer—I beg your pardon, but your natural history is all bobbled up. Jonah was the chap who was taken in by a full-sized whale, not by an ordinary small-calibre landshark.
—Los Angeles Herald.

SOMEODIES.

ALPONSO, KING.—has conferred the Order of the Golden Fleece upon President Loubet, of France. He is evidently taking advantage of his new-found power by giving orders.

CLAY, M. C. E.—of Washington, owns a silver cup which Thomas Jefferson gave his grandfather 121 years ago.

MARGHERITA, EX-QUEEN—of Italy, is going on a yachting tour to Japan to study ancient Oriental art. She will be escorted by two warships.

MESSMER, BISHOP—of Wisconsin, may, it is said, accept the Archbishopric of Manila, with powers of papal delegate. The natives have had enough water cure and Messmerism may make them forget their woes.

SHAPTER, GEN.—has just visited his old home at Galesburg, Mo., where stands the log house in which he was born. The famous Santiago hammock is not hung on its porch.

SOUZA, J. P.—the bandmaster, has sent King Edward a copy of his "Imperial Edward" march on vellum.

SPOONER, SENATOR—says he wants no more money than he has. If J. P. Morgan made the same boast evil-minded people would begin to believe he had cornered all the money that is now in circulation.

HE WHO KNOWS A BOOK.
With staff in hand and dusty shoon,
I walked from morning till high noon.

Then rested for a little while
Upon the green grass by a brook,
And with a morsel and a book
Forgot me many a mile.

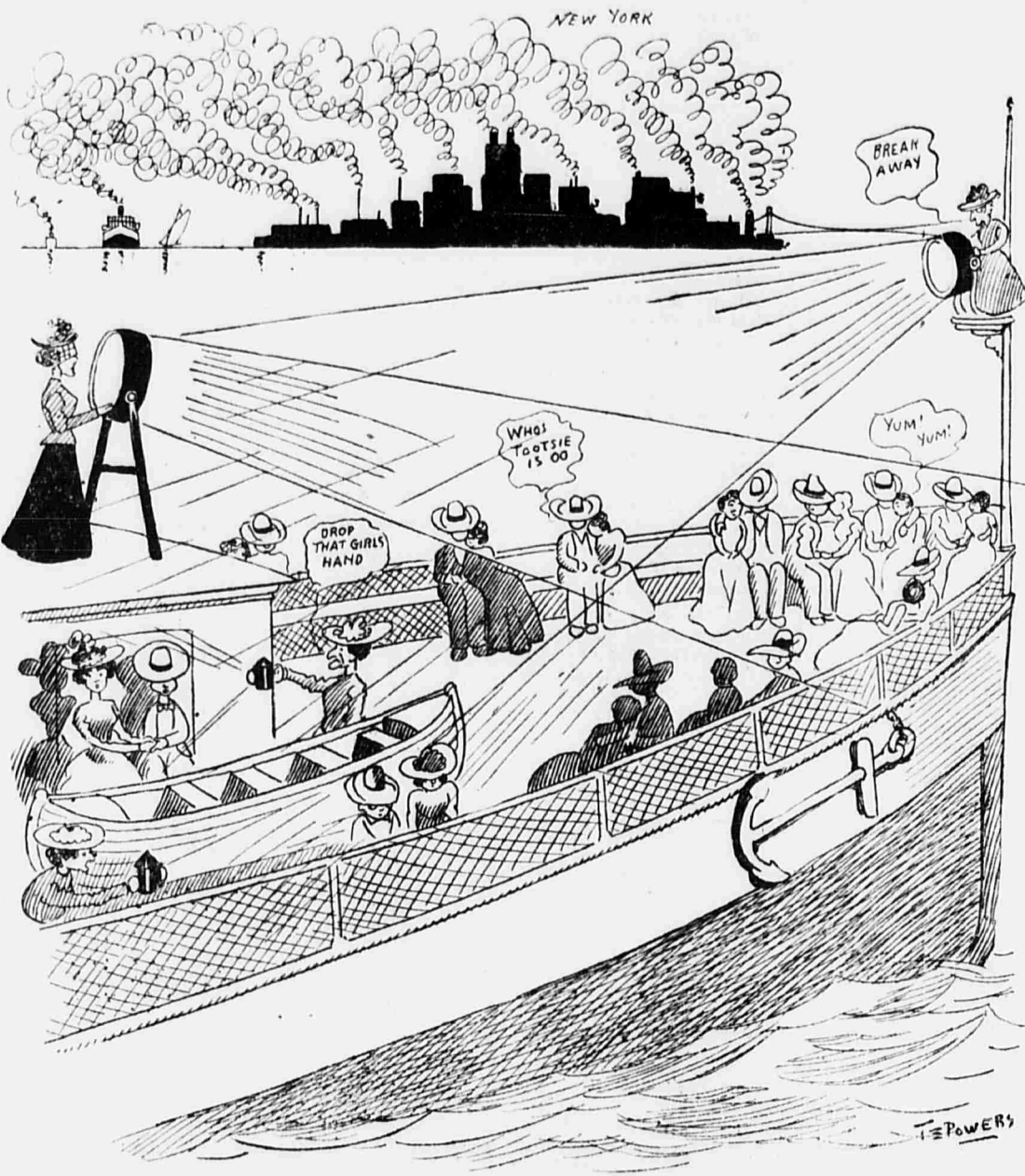
And then upon my way I strode
With bending back beneath the load.
Until the night beset my way
With cheerful thought on song and tale.

And so I fare by hill and vale,
Contented, day by day,
For he who knows a book to read
May travel lightly without need.

And find sweet comfort on the road.
He shall forget the rugged way,
Nor sigh for kindly company,
Nor faint beneath his load.
—R. R. Kirk in Frank Leslie's

Why Ancients Were Not Bald.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
In answer to "Gardland," who asked to know why in ancient days people were less often than now afflicted with baldness, I have read and studied ancient history a great deal and incidentally have learned that people in every early time did not wear hats, and baldness was then almost unknown. It was not until we had begun to wear artificial covering on top of our heads that baldness began to afflict us.

A Brooklyn Nuisance.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
Allow me to call your attention to a deplorable state of affairs that exists in Brooklyn. Three days ago, at 9:30 A. M.,



There's a blissful joy in spooning when the summer moon is mooning.
And the shady-decked excursion boat has left the lighted bank.
Ere Chautauquans with immunity shut off such opportunity.
We will ask the Searchlight Ladies to decamp or walk the plank.

DIDN'T CARE FOR FAT.



Guest (in cafe)—Bring me some ham and eggs.
Waiter—Yes, sah. Do you want dem eggs straight up?
Guest—Yes; but you can make the ham lean.

AN EXCITING RACE.



She—What is old Gotrox's pursuit in life?
He—The almighty dollar.

WISE CLOCK.



She—A clock is different from a man.
He—In what respect?
She—When it strikes it keeps right on working.

STRANGE.



Mrs. Hen—Isn't it queer? I heard the misus say that she set the dog on some men to-day.

A POPULAR SONG.



"Under the Shade of the Palm."

HAPPY THOUGHT.



Harduppe (to fortune teller)—What is your fee for having told my fortune?
Fortune Teller—Two dollars.
Harduppe—Er—I'll have to wait until I get that estate you say is coming to me.

PROFESSIONAL SECRET.



Jones—Your partner must be the hustler of this firm.
Smith—My partner? Why, he's so lazy that if he were billed to awake some morning and find himself famous he'd oversleep and miss it.

ODDITY CORNER.

COFFEE CROP.

Consul C. Donaldson reports from Managua, March 25, 1902, that the crop of coffee now nearly gathered is the largest ever produced in Nicaragua.

NO INCREASE.

Eight hundred representatives of seventy German towns protested unanimously at a meeting in Berlin against any increase in the duties on necessities of life.

STARVED.

Some of the girl students imprisoned in the Boutrika jail at Moscow have refused all food for several days and have been removed to hospitals in a state of collapse.

PROFIT.

Dover's (England) municipal tramways made a clear profit of £1,100 and carried over 2,000,000 passengers during the working year just completed.

GUILLOTINE MAN'S FATE.

Most people believe that the inventor of the guillotine perished by means of his own invention. As a matter of fact, Dr. Joseph Ignatius Guillotin, a medical member of the "Piers-Etat, who had adopted an English instrument (the Halifax maiden) as a means of making the death penalty equal for all, died peacefully in Paris in 1814, at the age of seventy-six, says the London News. The common blunder was probably caused by an error in the Annual Register on this day (Feb. 29), in 1794, to the effect that J. B. V. Guillotin, M. D., of Lyons, was executed lately.

A BERLIN WILL.

A rich and eccentric man who died the other day in Berlin left a will which was to be opened immediately and a codicil to be opened after the funeral. The will said: "Every member of my family who shall abstain from attending my funeral is to receive 300 marks." As a result the funeral was attended only by his housekeeper, a distant cousin. On the codicil being opened it was found to enjoin that the residue of the fortune was to be divided among those who, notwithstanding the loss of the 300 marks, attended his funeral. Hence the housekeeper gets all, but the heirs threaten to dispute the will.

A GOOD IDEA.

A good story is told of an Irishman, more patriotic than clever, who enlisted in one of the smart cavalry regiments. The fencing instructor had experienced rather a difficulty in the matter of explaining to him the various ways of using the sword. "Now," he said, "how would you use the sword if your opponent feinted?" "Bedad," said Pat, "I'd just tickle him with the point to see if he was shammin'!" —St. James's Gazette.

THE KAIMUR OF GHOSH.

Cable despatch from Calcutta, India.—The Kaimur of Ghosh has retired to his villa along the River Nosh. The Kaimur is of a genial disposition and smokes his poppy with the best of them.

You have heard of the Akhound of Swat (who is not). And concerning the Sultan of Nur. Of Job and the terrible troubles of Lot. And the death of the Bahoo of Sur? But pause for a moment and give a brief think. Forgetting Chicago and Hillyer Dink. And learn of the land of Ghosh on the Nosh.

Now the Boss of the land is the Kaimur of Ghosh. And Ghosh is in Hindoostan. And the people go on the usual sosh. When the poppy in-juices the man: And then when the poppy is good and ripe. They pound it in chunks in a six-pill pipe. And convey to the Visitor Losh. That is up to his usual sosh. To go off on his usual sosh.

Now the Kaimur isn't unusually thick. But the juice of the poppy is wondrous quick. And produces such an effect on the man That it changes some names in Hindoostan. For the Kaimur has been heard to say When he was justly well under way:

"Hic, excuse me, say Losh ol' Hosh. Am I the Kaimur ol' Nosh or Losh? An' is nosh wash I want t' say ol' Bosh. And (hic) if I don't loosh thish (hic) gol darn sosh I'll chop your head off, Nosh ol' Ghosh. Whoop! I'm the Kaimur ol' Sosh!"

WILLIAM T. MACINTYRE.

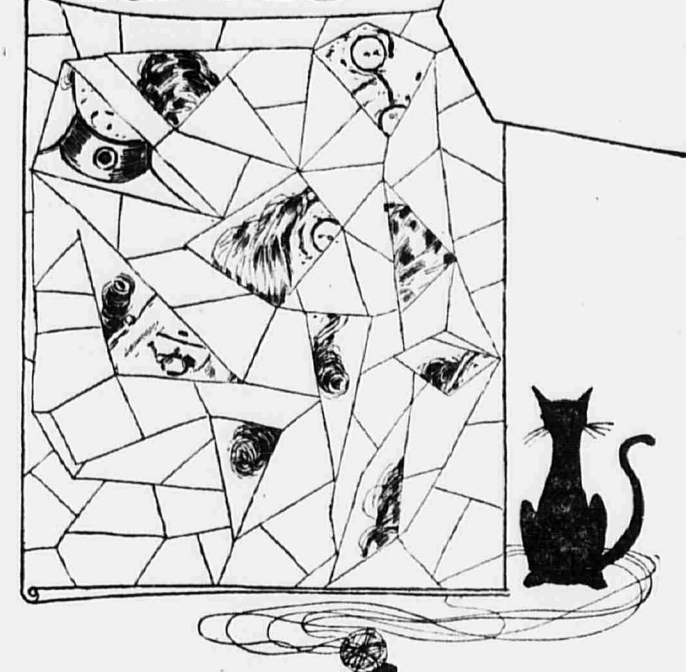
WOMAN WITH A HORN.

One of the greatest living human freaks in the country is to be seen in Caswell County, N. C., which is in Representative W. W. Kitchin's district, says the Washington Times. The other day Mr. Kitchin received in his mail a letter from the Chairman of the Caswell County Commissioners requesting him to go to see some dime museum manager and make arrangements for exhibiting the freak, which is a woman with a horn growing from the back of her head. The horn is six inches long and very hard. It strongly resembles the horn of a goat.

Mr. Kitchin saw the woman some time ago in a museum in North Carolina. The member from the Tar Heel State, however, has not yet made up his mind whether or not he will embrace this opportunity and embark in the dime museum business as a side issue.

FIND FACE OF CAT'S OWNER.

The Crazy Quilt Puzzle.



Use such pieces of this crazy quilt as you may find necessary to make the face of the cat's owner. The face and the other pieces used must exactly fit the blank space in the upper right-hand corner of this design. Of course not all of the crazy quilt pieces can be used; some will have to be discarded.

HIGHEST OF ALL RAILWAYS.



The Engadine Pass in the Swiss Alps has been opened to the railway by the completion on May 28 of the Albula tunnel, which pierces the glacier. Another remarkable work of the same district is the new bridge in the Albula gorge. This structure supercedes a former viaduct constructed in 1868, which was said to be the highest railway bridge in Europe. The new bridge is much higher, and is a triumph of engineering for the designer, Richard Coray, a native-born Swiss.

EGG AND CARD TRICK.



You will be shown how to produce an egg without the help of handkerchief, as done by most magicians. To perform this trick a prepared card is used. After blowing out the contents of an egg stick the eggshell to the back of a card with a little wax and show it to the audience (as pictured in a). Lowering the right hand, which is holding the card, with the left hand you hide the card in the inside of the left hand (as shown in b).

Thereby the egg has become separated from the card and brought in the position in which it will appear a moment later. You then slide the card into a pocket while directing the attention of the audience to the egg. Instead of the egg you may use a small bunch of flowers or anything small enough to be covered by a card.

THE RESTORED HORSE.



The dissected horse, portions of which were distributed among seven other animals in yesterday's Evening World, can be restored by placing the pieces as shown in the above illustration.

WHEW! WHAT A NAME.

When your physician writes phenylmethylpyrazolone on your prescription do not despair. Your case is not necessarily hopeless. The good news has simply used the correct name for antipyrin.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Why Ancients Were Not Bald.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
In answer to "Gardland," who asked to know why in ancient days people were less often than now afflicted with baldness, I have read and studied ancient history a great deal and incidentally have learned that people in every early time did not wear hats, and baldness was then almost unknown. It was not until we had begun to wear artificial covering on top of our heads that baldness began to afflict us.

A Brooklyn Nuisance.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
Allow me to call your attention to a deplorable state of affairs that exists in Brooklyn. Three days ago, at 9:30 A. M.,

a dog weighing about 100 pounds was killed on the car track, and at the time of writing it is still lying there. How long are we expected to tolerate this? Is it any wonder sickness breaks out every once in a while? An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. JESSIE MARION IRELAND, No. 123 Thirty-ninth street, Brooklyn.

Shy on Policemen.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
In Battery Park and along the sea wall on Sunday last could be seen thousands of persons. The most singular feature of all was the entire absence of a policeman, so far as I saw. A moving group of men, women and children could be seen winding its way through the Park, now and then com-

ing to a standstill and then moving on again. In the centre of this group were two drunken, arm in arm. Such an exhibition of depravity in the midst of innocent children and women of tender feeling was anything but desirable, especially in an up-to-date city on the Sabbath day, and the "continuous performance" given by this "twist of drunks" was so it seemed to me entirely owing to the absence of a policeman. The above incident was so revolting that I think it my duty to call it to public attention.

Humorous View of Destiny.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
E. A. Christmann desires an opinion on the subject of human destiny. Permit me to submit some irrefutable facts

which may tend to settle the argument. In ancient times when comparatively few people paced this earth it was an easy matter for the three Fates to watch the doings and shape the destiny of each individual. They spun, turned and twisted, entangled and cut the thread of life just as they pleased. Their organization constituted the most iniquitous and arbitrary trust in those days. Nowadays it would be a mighty task to look after each of the thousand million of people scattered all over the globe, and in view of the tremendous obstacles that confronted them the three old hags who poked their noses into everybody's business left their job in disgust and disappeared, greatly to the relief of man, who was left at liberty to tinker at his own destiny.

MAURICE AHERN.

F. DECKMAN.